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THE BLUE IN THE DISTANCE
IS BECKONING ON

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THE BLUE IN THE DISTANCE IS BECKONING ON

By

RICHARDSON BROWN

These verses are not a translation.
Let them pass for a rude inscription.
made on a rock, with a charred stick,
by the flickering light of a watch-fire,
in the desert beyond the Aravalis,
by an Anglo-Saxon neer-do-weel of long ago,
whose protector, friend, and captain
was a leader of caravans,
a Bard of Rajesthan.

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THE BLUE IN THE DISTANCE IS BECKONING ON

Sung by the Bard of white beard,
standing upon the blue shadow
spread by a Nîm tree, as old as the world,
before the Cushion of
The Son of the Sun,
Aigrette of Thirty-Six Royal Races,
Descendant of One Hundred Kings,
The Rana of Mewar.

May Asapurna,
The Fulfiller of Desires,
sweeten my words
as melons of Khorassin,
and swell them with valour,
as the River of the Sword.

I

The crane slowly spreads her grey wings on the east;
The drip of red mouths at the drink-pool has ceased;
On the lion-skin breast of the desert is strung
A necklace of camels, with dreams heavyhung.
O Footprints that wind soon effaces! 'Tis dawn!
The Blue in the Distance is beckoning on!

II.

At dawn, the loud Sun twangs his bow-string, and rides
His fleet horse of white legs, fed with spices—what hides
On the bare wind-blown desert of sky sand? What chase
Lures the Sun, without turban, at covetous pace?
No black buck he follows, no sambar, no fawn;
’Tis the Blue in the Distance that beckons him on.

III.

Blue, blue is the Peacock of Delhi, the throne
Which Sultans ascend, which dead Kings roll down:
And blue as Canopus' blue torch in the sky
Is the musk-scented scimitar Islam holds high:
But, achieved and possessed, their blue magic soon waned
—The Blue in the Distance is Hope unattained.

IV.

The falcon that drops from the sky on her prey,
Strikes true—but the arrow I shot went astray.
Who empowered the falcon to strike like a god,
While Man wildly scatters his shafts o'er the sod?
What Once-Born, or Twice-Born, or Mogul can match
The mystical skill that the falcon's eggs hatch?

V.

Whose hand hid the ruby in Badakhshân's fold?
Whose hand flecked the Sweet Water's pathway with gold?
Who jeweled the peacock for Vassanti's feast?
But left Man forgotten, of all less the least?
Who wrapped the markhor in his moonlight silk hair,
And left Man egg-naked? Unfair! 'Tis unfair!

VI.

If a loader of camels lose heart, may he pass
Through the Door of Two Leaves splashed with rubies Balass?
I took the old question to Kailas, the home
Of the prayer-drinking godships—their answer was, “AUM.”
The aloe they gave me spoke ten words in none:
“The Blue in the Distance lures Man to live on.”

VII.

A lone, in the night of the desert, I wake,
Stared at by the stars—*then* Man's measure I take.
Will the lord of those terrible gems see a spark
That leaps from my watch-fire into the dark?
He herds the fierce stars in his keddah, will he,
Great Herder of Elephants, notice a flea?

VIII.

My girdle is horn of the rhinoceros;
My shield is skin amber, with heavy gold boss;
My lance, from Rudeynnee, that magical name;
My turban and scarf, Bahwalpur's cunning claim;
At night, when the planets look down and despise,
How cheap seem the gauds which in daylight I prize!

IX.

Would you read the blank epic of Man at the last?
Follow nettle-grown footprints back into the Past.
The footprints have faltered where shrine tapers shone,
But they stopped and stood fixed at a spear or a throne.
To tales of Hereafter, Man affably nods;
But the salt man loves heroes above saints or gods.

X.

To lure tinkling anklets on rose-tinted feet,
Kama waits where the moonlight and narcissus meet:
Would the Raj call his heroes with peacock plumes crowned?
Thrice the nakarras beat; thrice the war-shells resound:
In each heart, the Blue Distance on some lustrous hums,
With his heart's longing calls him—he comes!—ah, he comes!

XI.

Must I cast down the wine-skin, with merry juice red?
Fly from golden and purple locks, perfumed with nedd?
To sit on my knees and my feet at a shrine;
Lips lacquered with holiness, heart crying, "*Wine!*"
Wah! A muslin scarf waves in the distant azure!
Take Thou the frankincense, and give me the myrrh!

XII.

All delights that I lacked, in the wine cup I found.
The holy ones scold—but I write on the ground.
“Let prayers be your drink!” saints and maybe-saints whine.
Grey prayers for this scarlet and gold life of mine!
Will Adáns bring me back my salt youth left afar?
Or Gáyatris heal my wet wound to a scar?

XIII.

“*S*inful sword, kiss, and cup!” croaks the self-blest divine.

Loud I proudly shout, “*Guilty! These sins are all mine!*”

When I stand to be judged—if a judgment there be—

I will look in the face any Judge over me.

I have drank, killed, and loved, and I did them all well.

I kneel for no pardon, ring no temple bell.

XIV.

No beginning, no end, has the gold deenár's rim;
Such the prayer of all men, of all faiths, of all time.
"Make us lords of great wealth!"—'tis the rim of all prayer,
Since the world's first-born dawn spread its white eastern glare.
The gold deenár's splendor may shadow the sun,
But—beyond it—the Blue is still beckoning on.

XV.

Though he swear by the Sin of the Sack of Cheetore;
By the black ostrich plumes round the Sun of Mewar;
Though, face downward, he lies before God, night and day;
Though his lips open not—but to pray—but to pray;
Though an hundred the knots in his frayed string of life;
What saint will you trust with your gold or your wife?

XVI.

A blind, thieving raven sits on palace wall.
“O King, we are brothers!” his fool-witted call.
A passing-by Prophet says: “Raven, ’tis true!
We should eat from one platter, the King, I and you!”
Thus raven and Prophet his “O Brother!” sings:
Yet ravens breed ravens, and Kings beget Kings.

XVII.

A dervish who wears ten years' dirt, by Chumbul,
Screams: "*Rajas are tyrants! Let dervishes rule!*"
If dervishes ruled from Chumbul to Jhalore,
Instead of one master I would have a crore.
Mosquitoes' and dervishes' buzzing I fan
From my ear with the tail of a cow of Bootan.

XVIII.

There was dust on his cheek; down his body ran tears;
Salt white were his eyes, with his search and his years;
He had sought for a boaster whose sword was not breath,
From the Mountain of Pearls to the Desert of Death.
All the boasters he followed, to gather their dead,
—And he brought nothing back but the hairs on his head.

XIX.

How we laughed, we who sat in the gem merchant's door,
Telling tales, while he weighed sea-new pearls of Manar,
When a quirrat piped forth from the balancing-pan:—
“Are these proud pearls my betters? No, by Hunouman!
No longer I sit among quirrats—chandauls!—
With pearls will I mingle, and be one of pearls!”

XX.

Then a white-turbaned Sheik, of soft beard, ruffed his brow:
“O brother of quirrats,” he answered, “tell how
*Can Job’s Tears, in a necklace, be gems to the eye
That knows Job’s Tears and gems? Thou little wit! Fie!
Can a cock, by presumption, with thunder-birds soar?
Or with banyans consort the green rice of Tanjore?*

XXI.

The lotus that opals Godaveri's breast
Is fouled by the crocodile, seeking his rest.
The tints of a seashell take flight 'neath the tread
Of a black, coughing camel. Must Beauty be fled
By the one-eyed and sullen, who know not nor care
That loveliness vanishes—vanishes where?

XXII.

The treasures possessed by the great Padishah
Can yield him no pleasure but seeing them—wah!
My eyes drink as deep when I walk the bazaar;
Pearls, ostrich plumes, sandalwood, swords of Johar,
Skins of humming birds, muslin that melts in the dew,
Mad opals found hid in stiff knees of bamboo.

XXIII.

A jar of turquoise caught in amethyst vine,
An emerald drinking cup taleful of wine,
Shawls patterned in gold dust, a white heron's plume,
Lace-fine marble screens wove by Jinn in a loom,
Star rubies thrown loose on a green coral tray,
—The Padishah! What has the Padishah, pray?

XXIV.

Where rivulets trickle through dusk mango groves,
Hide columned pavillions of purple and rose.
No song is so lovely in parched Hindusthan,
As the water-splash Arabs have named *gasgachan*.
Why hurry the waters past lotus and swan?
Ah, the Blue in the Distance is beckoning on!

XXV.

The sailor is known, though he weeds rice ashore;
The warrior shines forth from the shirkers of war;
The Brahmin is Brahmin, though nice his disguise;
The slave is a slave, when you look in his eyes;
But, lost from his parasol, sirpej, and ring.
Does the length of his shadow distinguish the King?

XXVI.

The Raj rides a stallion—six legs has he then!
If legs make a Raj—why the starfish has ten!
The bare bust of the Raj gleams with rubies and gold;
Mine is crossed by a sacred string, sweaty and old;
But the heart of the Raj and my heart are as one,
The heart of a Rajpoot, a Son of the Sun.

XXVII.

“*Four Kings can take any man's lance, wife, and horse—
Kings:—Arguments, Gifts, Strategem, Force!*”

So Manu spake, maker of man and of law.

—Then he saw the grass shake!—

—Then the Rajpoots he saw!—

False! The saffron-robed Rajpoots heave from the grave's sod,
And hurl their own deaths in the face of the god!

XXVIII.

Cries the Rana, whose scars match the days of the year,
"The gods are the gods! 'Tis of men I would hear!
Men whose throne and whose sceptre are saddle and sword!
Men entwined with their fame, like the strands of a cord!"
A coward who sparkles when heroes are sung
Is seen quite as oft as an ass without tongue.

XXIX.

From the north rolls a dust-cloud, majestic, that spans
The distance 'twixt heaven's first gate and the sands;
Fierce lightnings that snake on that curtain of cloud,
Leap from singing-flame swords dooming Delhi and Oude!
Rajpoots! who nest higher than eagles dare soar,
'Tis Islam that dust-cloud is rolling before!

XXX.

Down dark mountain passes which wild torrents wore,
Fierce horsemen cascade from the clouds of Mewar!
The rays of their eyes prove the Sun is their sire!
The blaze of their gems sets the mountains afire!
Their onrush stuns rock, stream, and tree, dumb and blind!
And their yak tails of splendor spread streaming behind!

XXXI.

Black lances, close crowded as drops in the sea.
Hoofs and manes, henna dyed, tint the sky crimsonly.
Pennons stiff as a gate on their standards of gold;
(With the meteor's speed, Rajpoot stallions are foaled.)
Blue tulwars flash deathward, in incessant waves.
The Rajpoots!—to Mussulman swords!—to their graves!

XXXII.

Behind cracking gates, stands the Rana, breast deep
Amid fallen petals of heroes! Drums keep
Defiantly beating! The Rana: "*Aluc!*
Our swords are the gates that no foe ever broke!"
While the Blue in the Distance he sees, will he send
The torch to his women, and cry, "*'Tis the end!*"

XXXIII.

When you sing of your draughts of success and despair,
Remember the Gates of Cheetore!—and forbear!
On that rock, lone and lost, burns the Rajesthan star;
Seven rungs of a ladder, the seven gates are:
On your knees, climb the rock-riven causeway, and fall
On your face at the seventh, the Last Gate of all!

XXXIV.

A phalanx of cranes spreads a cloud o'er the sun;
In the gloom, call the heroes by name, one by one.
O Jeimul! O Puttore! O Ragoude! Ah, their ears
Are deafened forever by crunching of spears!
They sleep. But took with them to sleep all Cheetore.
Islam won the gates—and won nothing more.

XXXV.

What turquoise perfume drifts through doors long unknocked?
What rose satin footprints in crushed walls are locked?
Speak not of Pudmini, slim Moon, and her Stars!
They sleep with the heroes—Rose Pearls without scars.
The jasmine drops lightly a white sarri o'er
Black ashes of queens, in the rifts of Cheetore.

XXXVI.

The shepherd who whistled his reed on the hill,
Has laid down his reed—and the valley is still.
The Rana whose *Mar! Mar!* agasted the wind,
Has parted the curtains, and dropped them behind.
The saffron-robed Rajpoot, with saffron-stained brow,
Is dust on which rare saffron pollen falls now.

XXXVII.

By Jumna's blue waters—step light on the strand!
Gods and Races forgotten are that yellow sand.
Man, man and his gods! Like the rains come and gone!
New men and new gods, the new rains fall upon.
But the frog-singing rice fields chaunt nightly their song
That has changed not a note unimagined years long.

XXXVIII.

J aïn, Aisuyan, Brahmin, Muslim, and Parsee,
Cry, "*The Blue in the Distance is only for ME!*"
The Muslim pays ninety-nine prayers at God's gate;
The Brahmin cries, "*Cheat! Pay an hundred and eight!*"
Footworn is the causeway by dead millions trod,
But who hears a drum welcome one unto God?

XXXIX.

When the eagle is tracked by wing-prints on the air;
When the tiger's stripes color the path to his lair;
When a featherless arrow transfixes the moon;
When the doe claims the young of the dove as her own;
When the Rana's war elephants hatch from the sea;
Then my son's son shall know where went that which was Me.

XL.

From the darkness outside the illumined sarai,
Did I stone the locked gate? did I utter a cry?
Dragged into the garden, protesting, I came;
Drew my hand o'er my face; felt a scourge; heard a Name;
Do I owe One a debt for life's forced slavery?
Draw round me the circle—I pay! Ah, I pay!

XLI.

The Ganges through hundreds of mouths finds the sea;
Will Man then, through hundreds of gods, come to Thee?
Are the gods merely Omrahs of one Great Mogul,
Unknown to the earthborn with praying made dull?
Will the Door that swings wide on a River reveal
A Blue in the Distance all gods but conceal?

XLII.

Unknown of the First and the Last of Mankind,
My turban I lay in thy lap. Will I find,
When I cross the sharp sword-bridge, in my fathers' track,
Will I find, like a desert-lost madman—alack—
I have followed the chittram's blue mocking accursed,
To the bones of a camel that perished with thirst?

XLIII.

Stand a-toe on the tip peak of Garu Sikhar:
Lift your face to the lazuli meadows afar;
Round your sandal the grey frosty eagle's breath curls;
Below, shimmer palaces, palm trees, and pearls;
Does the Feaster turn back to a feast that is done?
The Blue in the Distance is beckoning on.

NOTES

Aravalis. A mountain range extending S. W. to N. E. through Rajesthan; the wall which divides the Great Indian Desert from the fertile country to the eastward.

The Bard. The minstrel, called a *Charun* or *Bhat*, was historian, poet, keeper of genealogies, singer of heroic deeds, clarion in battle, tongue of patriotism and honour, as well as a fearless warrior, in Rajesthan. To these duties, he added another, that of conductor of caravans; for his sacred character was recognized and respected by the most savage tribes. Even the plunderers of the desert dreaded the anathema of the Bard, and he was permitted to pass, with his caravans, unharmed and unmolested through the wildest regions of mountain or sand. By the songs of the Bards has the history and geneology and chivalric deeds of Rajesthan, during ancient and medieval times been preserved. Lieutenant-Colonel James Tod, who knew the honour and valor of the Rajpoots, says of the Bards: "When offended, or actuated by a virtuous indignation against immorality, the Bards are fearless of consequences, and woe to the individual who provokes them! Many a resolution has sunk under the lash of their satire. * * * * The *vis*, or poison of the Bard is more dreaded by the Rajpoot than the steel of the foe."

The Nim Tree. Regarded as an inspirer of poetical strains. The tomb of Tau Sein, a celebrated singer of the Emperor Akbar's court, was shaded by a Nim tree.

The Cushion. The name for the *gadi*, the throne of Rajpoot princes. A great cushion, overspread by the royal parasol.

The Rana of Mewar. The sovereign of Mewar, admitted by all Rajpoot princes to be first and highest in purity of blood and length of lineage. No family or race on earth can trace their undisputed pedigree back so far into the past as can the Ranas of Mewar, whose ancestors are recorded by name for almost 3000 years. Beyond the recorded pedigree extends a mythical pedigree of the race which vanishes into the Sun itself. The Rana is always "The Son of the Sun," and his

family have been called "Children of the Sun" for thirty centuries. When the ancestors of the reigning European monarchs of today were living in caves, and dressed in skins, the ancestors of the present Rana of Mewar were reigning over rich cities embellished with magnificent buildings, and adorned with jewels and gold and embroideries.

Asajurna. (Fair Hope), the Fulfiller of Desires, is the goddess invoked by every Rajpoot previous to any undertaking.

I. The drip of red mouths at the drink-pool. Before dawn, the nocturnal animals end their hunting, and their drinking at pools, and retire to their lairs.

II. Sambar. The great deer of India.

III. The Peacock of Delhi. The magnificent throne constructed by the order of the Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan, It was a block of massive gold, six feet in length, four feet in width, at the back of which spread a peacock's tail of which the design was executed with jewels and enamels; above this a canopy of solid gold rested upon twelve gold columns, and bordering the canopy was a long thick fringe of fine pearls; in front of this canopy were two immense velvet parasols embroidered with pearls, and mounted upon handles which were studded with diamonds. The throne with its priceless jewels was ravished from Delhi by the Persian invader, Nadir Shah, in 1739.

Canopus. The second brightest star in the heavens; a star of "wild, blue, spirit-like brightness" as seen from the desert.

Islam. The Mahomedan religion; Islamism.

IV. Once-Born. An ordinary man.

Twice-Born. A Brahmin.

Mogul. The Mogul emperors of India began with Tammerlane. There were Mahomedan emperors throned in Delhi long before the Moguls came and conquered that throne stolen from the Rajpoots by Shaháb ud din, in 1193 A. D.

This invader and others who followed him, as well as the emperors they set up in Delhi, took much of Central India from the Rajpoots. Then the Moguls came and took from their co-religionists all they had stolen—and more. The Rajpoots who had been fighting the Mahomedans for centuries, aided their old enemy to oppose the Mogul invasions, preferring, perhaps, the evil they already knew rather than a stranger one, but in vain. Tammerlane, in 1398 A. D. and Baber in 1524 A. D. poured Mogul armies into India, and made Delhi a Mogul throne.

- V. *Badakhshan*. (Pronounced, Bad-ak-shan'). The locality in Afghanistan where the celebrated Balass rubies were found.

The Sweet Water. The Indus river. Gold is found in its bed.

Vassanti. The goddess of spring, in whose honour a festival is held each year in Rajesthan.

Markhor. A mountain goat.

- VI. *Balass rubies*. A kind of ruby celebrated throughout India and Persia.

Kailas. (Pronounced, Ki-las). A sacred mountain, supposed to be a peak of the Himalayas, and regarded as the abode of the gods of the Brahmin religion.

Aum. A mystical word used to represent the Supreme God, the Master of gods and men. The word Aum, or Om, is spoken only in a whisper, and but few know its literal meaning.

Aloe. In the Orient, many flowers have a well-known meaning; by the aloe is meant "patience," for the plant lives long without water.

- VII. *Keddah*. An elephant trap, or corral, made of palisades or pickets, for holding wild elephants.

- VIII. *Horn of the rhinoceros*. When a rhinoceros' horn was marked with images of men or beasts (seemingly), it was greatly prized for girdles or drinking cups. Girdles made of such horn were often priced as high as a thousand pieces of gold.

Cups made of such horn were believed to fly into pieces if poison was placed in the cup, hence they were favorite drinking cups for kings whose sons were ambitious.

Shield of skin amber. Rajpoot shields were made of rhinoceros hide, worked until it was transparent as amber; upon this were fixed knobs, or bosses, of gold. The lance and shield were as much a part of a Rajpoot as his hands and feet.

Rudeynce. (Pronounced, Ru-di'nee). The name of a celebrated make of lance shafts, in ancient times.

Bahwalpur. (Pronounced, Ba-wal-poor'). A city in the Punjab where were made turbans and scarfs that were greatly esteemed throughout India.

IX. Nettle-grown footprints. Nettles are never found except where Man has been.

Salt man. A man of strong character, a man of flavor, as distinguished from a commonplace person.

X. Rose-tinted feet. The feet of a dainty Rajpootnee were delicately tinted with henna, and the toes as elaborately decorated with jewels as the fingers were.

Kama. The god of love, the Rajpoot Cupid.

Peacock plumes crowned. The feather of the peacock adorned the turban of the Rajpoot warrior of olden days.

Nakarras. The great kettle-drums, often eight or ten feet in diameter.

XI. Nedd. A perfume much used by women of India.

Frankincense appertains to a god; *myrrh* to mortal man.

XII. I write on the ground. In the Orient, it is a common habit for a man to write on the ground, when meditating.

Adan. The chant, the Muslim call to prayer, voiced five times daily by a crier (mueddin), from the minaret (menerah) of each mosque.

Gayatri. The hymn that has been part of the daily prayer of Brahmins for 3000 or more years.

XIV. *Deenar.* A gold coin of Arabian or Persian origin.

"Make us lords of great wealth!" This plea is found in the first known prayer of the first known religion—the first Vedic hymn, the Prayer To The Unknown God. It concludes: "May that be ours which we desire when sacrificing to thee: may we be lords of wealth." (Translated by Professor Max Muller.)

XV. *By the sin of the sack of Cheetore.* The most solemn and binding oath that a Rajpoot can take.

Black ostrich plumes round the Sun of Mewar. The *chuthur-changi*, "the golden sun in the sable disk," is a part of the royal regalia of Mewar. It is a gold plate, surrounded with black ostrich plumes, borne aloft on a long standard.

XVI. *We should eat from one platter.* For a Rajpoot to taste food from the same platter with another is indisputable evidence that the Rajpoot knows the other person is of equally high blood and birth as himself. This is a test by which the legitimacy of a prince was demonstrated.

XVII. *Chumbul.* A river of Rajesthan. Its history, if written, would fill a book with such heroic deeds that none but brave hearts could bear the test of reading.

Jhalore. (Pronounced, Ja-lore'). A principality along the Luni River, in the Indian Desert. Its castle was one of the stars in the story of the defense of Rajesthan against Mussulman invaders.

Crore. Native word signifying one million.

The tail of a cow of Bootan. The tails of Bootan cows were in much demand for making fly-flaps.

XIX. *Sea-new pearls.* Freshly caught.

Pearls of Manar. Unusually beautiful and valuable.

Quirrat. A dry seed, used in the Orient, since times unknown, for weighing pearls, gold, and precious stones.

Hunouman. The king of the monkeys. He assisted Rama, the hero of the Indian "Iliad," to conquer Ceylon and regain his stolen wife. The story is told in the epic called the "Ramayana."

Chandauls. The lowest caste of persons in India; hence, outcasts.

Of soft beard. A man who has been accustomed to wholesome food; hence, a man in comfortable circumstances.

Job's Tears. Hard, white, shining seeds of a corn plant. They are commonly used, strung on a thread, for necklaces, among the women of the poorer classes.

Thunder-birds. Legendary birds, belonging to the realms of the eagle and vulture, personifying the royal and magnificent (as of thunder and lightning).

Banyans. The king trees of the forests of India. The Kabira bar, the oldest and largest banyan in India, covered, before the nineteenth century, a space of more than one thousand yards in circumference.

The green rice of Tanjore. Tanjore is a district of many and far extending rice fields.

XXI. Godaveri. (Pronounced, Go-da've-ree), a sacred river.

XXII. Muslin that melts in the dew. In ancient days, there was made at Dacca, muslin so fine that, when laid upon the grass and dew fallen upon it, it was no longer discernable.

Mad opals. In the joints of certain stalks of bamboo is found a substance called *Tabersheer*, a kind of opal, which is believed to draw out the poison from a wound made by a mad dog.

XXIII. Jinn. Genii, mythical beings, "created of smokeless fire." They are prominent in almost all the tales told in the Orient, although appearing under different names.

Padishah. A title of the Mogul Emperors of India.

XXV. *Sirpcj.* The aigrette in the front of the turban of a prince, or personage of high position. It is formed of the owner's largest and most precious jewels. Many of the celebrated gems of today were once ornaments of Kings and Rajas of India. Many others, accurately described in the annals of this or that principality, went into the coffers of the Brahmin priests or the Mussulman invaders, and their whereabouts are unknown.

XXVI. *Starfish.* A starfish has five, or the multiple of five, legs.

Sacred string. The "sacred string" of the Brahmin religion is a cord hung around the body. The material of which the string was made differed, formerly, with different castes (classes) of people. The sacred string of the priest was of cotton; that of a warrior was of sanna thread; that of a merchant was of wool; also there were others of lower castes.

The heart of a Rajpoot. Every Rajpoot of the warrior caste was of the "blood" of his chieftain. The Ranas of Mewar scorned the daughters of Mogul Emperors, and married the daughters of pure-blooded Rajpoots, even though the father of the bride was possessed of no more property than "a skin of land". Blood was all in all to a Rajpoot; wealth nothing. The word *Rajpoot* means, "Son of Kings."

XXVII. *Lance, wife, and horse.* The three treasures of a Rajpoot.

Manu. A personage of the ancient mythology of India; regarded in the Vedas and Mahabharata as the forefather of Man, and creator of the universe. To him is ascribed the ancient law book, of which the present known book is a re-cast. The Laws of Manu cover nearly all of the situations common in life, and, in many matters, command a degree of virtue in temper and conduct that human nature is likely to fall short of.

Saffron-robed Rajpoots. When all was lost but honour, the Rajpoot kings and warriors put on robes dyed saffron color, and rushed upon the foe to die fighting. The object of the Rajpoot in his warfare was not so much to inflict death upon

others as to die gloriously, for independence, for his pledged word, or in rebuke to an affront to his chieftain, his land, his religion, or his honour. Lieutenant-Colonel James Tod says: "There is not a petty state in Rajesthan that has not had its Thermopylae, and scarcely a city that has not produced its Leonidas. * * * * The struggles of a brave people for independence (against the Mahomedan invaders) during a series of ages, sacrificing whatever was dear to them for the maintenance of the religion of their forefathers, and sturdily defending to death, and in spite of every temptation, their rights and national liberty, form a picture which it is difficult to contemplate without emotion."

Rajesthan. The land of the Rajpoots. *Hindusthan.* The land of the Hindus.

Hurl their own deaths. The Rajpoots of Mewar never yielded to "arguments, gifts, strategem, force." They died, hurling defiance at the foe with their life blood.

XXIX. *From the north rolls a dust-cloud.* Nearly all the invasions of India were by way of the Khyber Pass; in the mountains at the north-west corner of the country.

XXX. *Their yak tails of splendor.* The Rajpoot warriors wore tassels of silky yak tails attached to their saddles.

XXXI. *Tulwars.* Curved sabres.

XXXII. "*Aluc!*" A call upon the One God.

The torch to his women. When the defence of a fortress or city was despaired of, and the end had come, when the warriors had put on the saffron robes, then came the *Johur*, the sacrifice of the women. For women to fall into the hands of a conquering foe was dishonour unspeakable for warriors, and in this feeling the women were equally strong. At the last, queens and princesses, wives and daughters and handmaidens, mounted the funeral pyre, and eagerly gave themselves to the refuge of the flames. Then the kings and princes and warriors rushed up to the swords of the foe.

XXXIII. Cheetore. A great lone rock in the midst of a plain, in the principality of Mewar. Upon this rock was a city and fortress, sacked three and one-half times by Muslim hordes. To its defense, again and again, came the best and bravest of the thirty-six royal races of Rajpoots. Often, Cheetore triumphed over attacks; and after each of its three falls it was again taken by the Rajpoots, and is today the palladium of Rajesthan, the sacred spot, although now abandoned and in ruins. The story of its glory is one of the grandest tales of heroic defense of independence, hearth-fire, and religion, that is written upon the face of the world.

XXXIV. Jeimul, Puttore, Ragoude. Three heroes who died defending Cheetore. Their names have for centuries been held sacred by every Rajpoot. Jeimul and Puttore (or Putta) were so magnificent in their heroic deeds that their names have been immortalized by the pen of their conquering foe, the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who, besides writing of their achievements, erected two great elephants of stone "at the most conspicuous entrance of his palace in Delhi."
One of the elephants bears the statue of Jeimul, the other the statue of Puttore.

Took with them to sleep all Cheetore. The *Johur* went just before each of the three sacks of Cheetore, and the sacrifice each time included not only the women, but with them on the funeral pyres were heaped all the gold, jewels, rich dresses, armour, everything of value or beauty, other than the buildings themselves. Bare and smoking ruins were the only spoils that greeted the eyes of the conquerors when they entered the gates.

XXXV. Pudmini. "A title bestowed only upon the superlatively fair." She was a queen of Cheetore. To gain her, the Emperor Alla-o-din besieged Cheetore. Defeated, he raised the siege, but returned later with greater forces, and the end was the saffron robes for princes and warriors, and the funeral pyre for the lovely Pudmini and several thousands of women. "The conqueror, Alla-o-din, took possession of an inanimate capital, strewed with brave defenders, the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire."

Sarri. The scarf with which a Rajpootnee veils herself from the gaze of men.

XXXVI. "*Mar! Mar!*" A Rajpoot war-cry. It is the word *Ram* (God) inverted.

Saffron-stained brow. When the warriors put on the saffron robes, a vessel was brought to the prince in which was water dyed with saffron. He dipped a branch into the saffron water and drew it across the brows of the warriors; then, prince and warriors died together.

XXXVIII. *Jain, Aisuyan, Brahmin, Muslim, and Parsee.* Five religions known in India. Jain and Brahmin religions are closely related. Aisuyan is Christian. Muslim is the religion founded by Mahomed. Parsee is the worship of fire, the religion of Persia.

The Muslim pays ninety-nine prayers. The Muslim rosary contains ninety-nine beads. The Brahmin rosary contains one hundred and eight.

XL. *Sarai.* A caravansary; an enclosure in which travellers, with their trains of camels and servants took refuge during the hours of night.

Draw round me the circle. A legal custom in India permitted a creditor to draw round a debtor a circle, from which the debtor dared not depart until he had satisfied his creditor.

XLI. *Omrahs.* The title worn by the twenty-four councillors of the Mogul Emperors

XLII. *Chittram.* The mirage seen in the desert. In Rajesthan, there are two forms of mirage; one has the appearance of a city with walls and towers, this is called the *Seckote*; the other seems to be a far off lake of beckoning blue, and this is called the *Chittram*.

XLIII. *Garu Sikhar.* The name for Mount Aboo, "the highest point beneath the moon" in Rajesthan. The mount is also called "The Saint's Pinnacle," and is a sacred spot. This is the "Mount Olympus" of Rajesthan.



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